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COMMISSION ON INTERRACIAL COOPERATION

The first scientific study ever made of lynchings, case by case, in the effort to discover the underlying causes and, if possible, to formulate an effective preventive program, has been undertaken by a Southern commission. The project was initiated and will be sponsored by the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, a body of representative Southern people seeking an equitable adjustment of the South's race problem. Through its president, Dr. W. C. Jackson, Vice-President of North Carolina College for Women at Greensboro, N. C., and its executive director, Dr. Will W. Alexander, of Atlanta, this Commission will advise and assist in the study. At a preliminary meeting held at Atlanta, Georgia, the Commission defined the scope and procedure of the investigation and determined upon having a detailed case study made by competent investigators of each of the 1930 lynchings. Similar investigations will be made of several typical cases in which attempted lynchings were frustrated. After a careful analysis of these studies, the Commission will formulate a public report.

PROHIBITION LOGICAL PART OF CONSTITUTION

In a statement regarding the Constitution, prepared by an eminent member of the Massachusetts bar for Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, Chairman of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement, the recent opinion of Judge Bruce is strongly confirmed in these words: "There is no foundation for the contention that the Constitution is a mere charter of government. It is much more than that. It is, and so declares itself to be, a law—the supreme law of the land. It has repeatedly been held to be such a law by both State and Federal Courts, and has operated as a law in instances without number and by such operation has, of its own force, unaided by other legislation, repealed and annulled constitutional and legislative provisions of the States. That the Constitution and its amendments operate directly as a law—and as the supreme law—of the land, and not merely as a set of principles upon which laws may be based, has been repeatedly affirmed both by State and Federal Courts in passing upon the effect of amendments which related to the most fundamental rights of the State and their citizens. Neither the Eighteenth nor the Nineteenth Amendments are a departure from the principles of the original Constitution, because the people, in the original instrument, expressly reserved to themselves the right to extend the operation of the Constitution, by amendment, to new subjects whenever, in their judgment, considerations of the general welfare so required."

MEN LOYAL TO THEIR ILLITERATE WIVES

Married in their youth to women with no education in Manchuria men seek to improve and educate them rather than discard them for new wives. Married to women of their parents' choice they are nevertheless loyal to them after their own college education and progress in the world. Ella Bennett of Redlands, California, who is back from five years' residence in Manchuria, says it is not unusual for the wife of a college man to be illiterate. "A man brought his wife to us asking if she could live at the Y. W. C. A. while she studied in our classes. She was a simple country girl who could neither read nor write and he wanted her to have social contacts as well as an education that she might preside over his home to better advantage. He had gone to college after their early marriage." These tragic differences are largely due to men going to college after marriage. At college they meet for the first

time educated girls with interests similar to their own and this new companionship presents many difficulties. The Y. W. C. A. of Mukden where Miss Bennett was stationed has as its most popular course one for these married women. This women's school aims in every way possible to offset their neglected education by classes in reading and writing, cultural courses and homemaking. Miss Bennett, who went to China in 1925, was student secretary at Mukden.

WORK OF WAR RESISTERS' INTERNATIONAL

Andrej Poliszczuk of Poland, a conscientious objector of that country, has been released from prison after having served a term of over two years, the release having been effected by the War Resisters' International, 11, Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England. This conscientious objector decided in 1927 that he loved all men, no matter what their nationality or religion, and refused to be a "blind instrument in the hands of those who stood for war and destruction," and for this open declaration he was put in chains and sentenced to two years in prison. On February 15 last he was transferred, together with thirty other prisoners, from Warsaw to Vronki, where he was kept in complete isolation. After having served the two-year term he still refused to undertake military duty and was again sentenced to prison, the term being five years. He is a fine looking man, but his health suffered greatly in prison. Those who are interested in the work for conscientious objectors should send to the War Resisters International for some of their literature. The society is working to aid prisoners in Finland, France, Russia, Switzerland, and other countries which have conscientious objectors in prisons.

ELIMINATING NIGHT EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN

News of unusual importance to all who are concerned with the human as well as the economic problems of the cotton textile industry is contained in an announcement by the Executive Committee of the Cotton Textile Institute, an organization of employers. The committee has recommended to the Board of Directors of that organization "that the recommendation be made to the cotton textile mills that they eliminate, as soon as possible and not later than March 1, 1931, the employment of women and the employment of minors under 18 years of age between the hours of 9 p. m. and 6 a. m." The statement of the Executive Committee continues: "The employment of women and minors at night was widely adopted in some sections of the industry during the World War to meet emergency demand. In recent years there has been a growing sentiment in opposition to the practice." The adoption of the course recommended by the Committee will be a wise move from an economic viewpoint and will contribute materially to the solution of one of the main economic problems of the industry, that of overproduction. The recommended course of action will also be a great step forward in the establishment of better working conditions in the industry. It is great news to all religious and social thinkers as well as to the labor movement and all those who have for years been working for the elimination of night work for women. Many liberal employers have desired to eliminate the night shift for women and minors but have not felt able to do so on account of the competition of other employers who thus far have not been willing to follow suit. The leadership of the Cotton Textile Institute now makes it possible to secure the adoption of higher standards by the industry in general, and it is to be hoped that cotton textile employers throughout the country will unanimously follow the wise and humane recommendations of their own leaders.

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WALTER C. WOODWARD, Editor

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Some Lessons from Russia

What Christians May Learn from Communists

WHAT? Christians learn from communists? Can the Christian Church sit at the feet of atheists? The very suggestion may easily seem startling at first thought. Perchance some readers may think that much travel this summer hath made the Editor mad. We promptly give assurance, if assurance is needed, that our contacts and observations in Russia have by no means enamored us either with communism or atheism. Better than before we visited that country, we sense the limitations and the tyranny of one and the folly and the arrogance of the other.

He himself would be arrogant, however, who would close his eyes to facts, even when gathered from unfriendly sources. And he would be not only arrogant but very foolish, were he to refuse to recognize facts from which lessons could be learned that might help withstand those very influences the Christian Church feels called upon to combat.

The only valid reason for not welcoming such facts and for not giving careful heed to certain lessons to be derived from them, would be that the Christian Church has approximated the perfection to which it professes to aspire and that it is achieving such success as to make it indifferent to an inventory of its spiritual resources. Obviously, this reason far from obtains. As is true of all other institutions, the Church is lamentably far from perfect and its present day achievements leave much to be desired. As a searching diagnosis of the present religious situation, we present the following statement recently made by John Haynes Holmes of New York City, widely recognized as one of the great preachers and prophets of our day:

"As I survey the period of my life as a minister, just now passing its quarter-century mark, I can see that church work is not getting any easier from year to year. On the contrary, this work seems every day to be getting more difficult, and results of even the most devoted labor more meager and uncertain. The enemies of religion have never been so confident, nor its friends so much concerned, as they are at this present moment. Both seem to feel a momentous change, like a glacial drift over familiar territory, now impending upon man's organized religious life.

"In seeking the cause of this change, it is easy to blame the church itself. The conservatism of this

most ancient of human institutions, its pathetic loyalty to outgrown traditions and superstitions, its hostility to ideas, its antagonism to progress, its failure in sympathy for the larger and freer aspirations of mankind, are too obvious to be denied. But this indictment of the church, well-founded as it is, does not even begin to penetrate to the heart of the problem. If the church were as alert today as it is dull, as courageous as it is timid, as faithful as it is false to the higher realities of spiritual life, it would still be languishing. The liberal churches of our time, even more than the reactionary, are engaged in a desperate struggle for survival. No fault of the church is so general, no failure so fundamental, as adequately to explain the situation now confronting the religious world.

"What has happened is a sudden deliverance from old loyalties, with no new loyalties to bind and lift the emancipated soul. Coupled with this, and at the moment central, is the mania of materialism which like a flood has engulfed our world. In many countries, swept by fire and sword and the dread aftermath of war, this mania takes the form of a mad struggle to get enough to live. In our own country, on the other hand, it takes the form of an equally mad struggle for prosperity and riches. We are in a fever of excitement over money and the things which money may buy, and thus in a frenzy of rebellion against any influence which would impede our impulses or purge our passions. The very habits of our lives have become changed in a way to make us appear as new, strange creatures on the earth. Wildly revolving between the two poles of exhausting work in pursuit of power, and exhausting play in pursuit of pleasure, we find neither time nor strength for those deep reflective qualities of being which have hitherto been esteemed as distinctive of man's soul. In such an age, what chance has religion to be heard or heeded? In a world of automobiles, radios, 'talkies' jazz, and week-end parties, what room is there for the Church which needs moments of repose, exacts rules of discipline, and challenges self-forgetting service of one's kind?"

This is rather a pessimistic portrayal—more so, some may think, than the actual situation warrants. But the picture is sufficiently true to be clearly recognizable. Yet Dr. Holmes does not despair. He foresees an era of restoration for which "the Church must ceaselessly labor and patiently wait." While its appointed task remains uncompleted, its vision

must lead it forward despite the hazards, the frailties and the discouragements.

Our sojourn in communistic Russia made us re-newedly aware of certain elements of strength which are requisite to the success of any movement or

organization, whether it be secular or spiritual. In this respect we may profitably take a few leaves from the current chapter on Russian Communism, which we shall undertake to present on this page in succeeding issues.

We Still Have a Place

BY E. PARTINGTON

THIS is the day of big things, the small enterprise is waging a battle for existence; it might be called the day of mergers. In the field of production and distribution of power we have mergers representing many millions of capital; our great motor companies are finding it necessary to combine; the chain store is rapidly displacing the independent dealer in the field of merchandising. It is quite natural, then, for the church to be considering the same sort of policy. There is no doubt that the church has pursued a wasteful and inefficient policy in the attempt to organize a congregation wherever a small company of adherents of any denominational group might be found until perhaps a half dozen churches were trying to grow in "soil" with fertility enough to nourish only one vigorous and efficient church. Realizing this condition, our various assemblies are much taken up with the consideration of plans for union—the small church has very little appeal for the man of vision, the man who is accustomed to think in terms of big business; he either tolerates the church, or he thinks of it as not related to those things that occupy the most of his thought and time so that his business and his religion are quite divorced from each other, or he ignores the church entirely.

We have, then, the agitation for the "big church" that can look "big business" in the face on equal terms, one that will challenge the best ability of the biggest men, a church that can tackle the biggest job in an efficient manner. The denominational rivalries have long ago ceased to enjoy the support they once called forth, and a closer union is a desirable objective, but there are perils in bigness. A church may be efficient as an organization, it may challenge the interest of men of affairs as a business, and at the same time lose its power as a spiritual force, may lose its function as the interpreter of God to a world that is apparently willing to dispense with Him, indeed a church organization might become so powerful as to substitute its own might for God. There can be no objection raised to any effort toward unity whether among all the churches or among the "branches" of Friends, but uniformity is quite another matter, and the present condition, deplorable as it is, is more to be desired than anything that would tend to complete uniformity. I suspect there will always be non-conformists, and unless our message has become pretty thoroughly denatured, Friends will still find it difficult to conform.

It is quite deplorable that there should be any tendency to assume that, because Friends are no longer distinguishable by the superficial peculiarities of dress or speech, or because in large measure we have adopted the methods of congregational worship common to most other churches, that we are no longer distinctive. It must be that we are remiss in our testimonies if there has been any great amount of confusion of externals and essentials. Plain bonnets and plain speech may have been marks of identification in the early days, but they were not the peculiarities that marked Friends off from others and made of them objects of persecution or of veneration and respect. Because the world has moved well along toward the position held by George Fox two and a half centuries ago, we enjoy

the freedom that he was denied, but are there not yet "advanced positions" held by Friends toward which we should be beckoning the world? Some "churchmen" would rule us out of the church and give no consideration to our group when church unity is being considered. The editor of THE AMERICAN FRIEND once pointed out that there is a very real sense in which we do not properly classify with either the Catholic or the Protestant branches, although we have a considerable reputation for protesting. There are also those who stand high in the councils of the church who say flattering things about us as exponents of the religion of Jesus. I wonder sometimes if they are commending us for what we are, what we were, or for what we theoretically believe. In an age of increasing materialism, with Prosperity occupying the throne of Jove, when our seats of learning are propagating a mechanistic philosophy that is utterly pagan; in an age when members of Friends are conforming to practices contrary to our testimonies, even in some instances agreeing that military training is good for our youth; in an age when ritualism is becoming more and more prominent in the "services" of our most democratic churches, and beauty is stressed at the expense of communion with the Divine, Friends should be the more diligent in the inculcation of Friends' principles in the hearts of our members, and especially of our youth. Any real revival along this line will come at the insistence of young Friends. Let us not lapse into such a state of indifference (false tolerance) as to adopt the attitude that "there is no difference any more." In the John Bowne lecture delivered at the recent session of New York Yearly Meeting, Bruce Curry said: "Of all the modern Christian groups, the Society of Friends has stood out as leading the opposition to externalized and materialized religion. Whether it has succeeded in escaping the chilling atmosphere of materialism from within, it is for the Friends themselves to say. . . . Certain it is that there is nothing so dangerous as a reputation for spirituality. Under that anesthetic the heart of Quakerism might be removed, while the patient might remain unconscious of the operation."

That last sentence of Bruce Curry's suggests the concern of this paper, that we be not lulled to sleep by contemplating our glorious past or by the shallow tolerance of thinking that "there is no difference" and lose the heart of our message. It is human nature to confuse power with its manifestations. As some have expected that a new baptism of the Holy Spirit would be accompanied by the same manifestations as that first Pentecost, so there are some who think any revitalizing of our faith is dependent upon a return to old methods. We can never go back, as Rufus Jones says in effect, those old meetings and customs are gone forever; we should not have any desire to return to primitive procedure. We can have and we should seek a revival of the spirit of those primitive Quakers. Whether we are like them in methods matters not, but whether we are serving our generation as faithfully and effectively as they served theirs is of transcendent importance. We shall do well to acquaint ourselves with that spirit as we find it living in the personalities that come down to us in the pages of Quaker history, these seekers who learned how to cultivate

and to practice the presence of God. We shall find them to have been men and women of conviction—they may have held opinions, but it is their *convictions* that have made them live, convictions that disturbed respectable conformity and brought these non-conformists into conflict with the established order, but which in the interest of justice and progress changed that order, repealing oppressive laws and giving conscience more authority than legislators. But in all this we shall also discern a sweetness of spirit that preached no rebellion, a tolerance that did not attempt to substitute one intolerance for another. Such a discovery would be salutary even for Friends to make today. We shall find also that Quakerism is not built on a foundation of denial of practices common to others; we have explained ourselves too often in negations and have consequently not given any adequate reason "for the hope that is within us."

It behoves us as pastors (and leaders?), therefore, to keep these essentials before our people, but there should be something more than this if we keep this fundamental Quaker principle at work. There are a number of plans that might be, indeed have been, put to work, but I want to advocate the reading of the splendidly modern books being issued in ever increasing numbers from Friendly sources on both sides of the Atlantic. Many of us remember the rather drab volumes of Quaker memoirs that once made up the stock of Quaker literature, books, many of them dealing with personages of scarcely more than local interest, or books that might deal with important matter, but in a decidedly uninteresting manner. The books of the present have none of these drawbacks, they are modern and attractive in make-up and in method, deserving the name of literature. Every child should have such stories as Violet Hodgkin's "Book of Quaker Saints," and there are other stories of Quaker "heroes" and events equally interesting with the stories published in our current magazines and library books. We find romantic stories woven of incidents from real life, and such biographical studies as those of Laura Richards' Elizabeth Fry.

More mature readers should read Agnes Best's "Rebel Saints" and it should go without saying that Rufus Jones' books should command our most respectful attention. Others than Friends are finding his books sources of helpful inspiration. There are others among American Friends whom we may call "Publishers of Truth" and there are a number of "weighty Friends" across the sea with whose books we should become familiar. I refer to such as Edward Grubb, John Graham, T. Edmund Harvey, Henry Hodgkin, and others. It is my good fortune to possess quite a number of these books, which I keep available for all whom I can persuade to read them. We have a shelf in the library at the church and keep before the congregation the fact that these books are there for their use. I would suggest the desirability of our meetings making such books available for their people, if they are not already in possession of them.* Some of these books are of such value that Friends may feel justified in asking those in charge of public libraries to add them to their libraries.

But having the books does not insure the reading of them, and each meeting will probably have to devise means of getting their members and young people interested, perhaps by reading contests, reading circles, round tables, or by whatever method will be effective. The concern that I would urge is that we owe it to our "church" to be informed about ourselves and to know whether or not we have a message that the world needs, or whether we may as well be swallowed up by whatever large institution may develop out of this present tendency to merge our small groups into something BIG.

Greenfield, Indiana.

The Poetic Water Lily

BY E. MERRILL ROOT

TO THE good New Englander, who knows the tangled wildernesses that cover the abandoned farms and rocky hills of northern and western Rhode Island, or the wilder parts of Connecticut and Massachusetts, where ponds and marshes and lost turquoise lakes lie amid the white birches and scrub oaks and blue-black pines, it seems to me that no flower can be more poetic than the water lily.

The water lily is lovely not only in its color and its fragrance, but also in its circumstances and its setting. With its petals of burning snow and its heart of burning gold, it is a flower not flaunting, not gaudy—and yet it is a flower gorgeous, magnificent, superb. And it is the more gorgeous and splendid because it floats and gleams like one ship of shining ivory anchored amid a fleet of equal ships—for not one water lily, but a thousand water lilies, surround the pond or lake with a halo of gleaming ivory. Imagine the scene—the pond or little woodland lake . . . lost, wilderness-walled . . . a dazzle of sunny turquoise under the August day . . . and, about it, this ring of lilies like apples of snow filled with a fulgence as of burning suns! Such dazzle of beauty, such magnificence and splendor of loveliness! And all this Apocalypse of ultimate glory, merely the commonplace of a quiet summer morning in "Puritan" New England!

And each individual lily, seen close, is as beautiful (if not so spectacular) as the vision of the whole. For each lily sways at the green cable of its stem, like some galleon from romance or fable, some inch-tiered galley of ivory, freighted with pollen-dusty gold. Quiet, noiseless, cool, the lilies sway at anchor as the light ripples lift them, and offer their fragrance and their golden cargoes to the poet's eye—and to the bee, who boards them like a gentle pirate in a jacket of lemon fuzz, and bears off honey drawn (by miracle) from the black mud and the azure water . . . and a golden dust of pollen, that he will carry, unconscious of his place in vital economy, to the next blossom. The lilies ride the light waves and the little flowing hills of the ripples, exquisitely poised, exquisitely light. Rounded with lovely symmetry, they ride the waters as a poised swan floats, or as a golden butterfly drifts upon the gentle air. The petals, like white rays or stable filigree of snow, curve delicately upward in a cup of alabaster; and within, about the deep unity of the yellow heart, the central stamens of slender yellow curve outward and then in, to form a simple intricacy of flaming gold. Cool with the moving air and the flashing water, their white intensified by the sun above and the blue lake beneath, they float like unmelting boats of immortal snow. And in their burning hearts, they hold a perfume exquisite but rich, as if all the essence of lake and sky, of wind and water, of gleaming bloom and golden day, had been gathered and translated into fragrance. Such is the simple lily, that eyes have seen—and forgotten!

The water lily has yet to find its poet. Wordsworth, who sung many English flowers, and who could translate into stately verse the waters that "On a starry night" are "beautiful and fair," might have made these floating islands of sun-and-snow immortal. But no American poet has yet had, at the same time, a sympathy with Nature deep enough and a poetic style rich enough, to write the Ode to a Water lily. Whittier, or Bryant, or Lowell, were never sensuous "as are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings." This burning beauty deserves—and demands—a John Keats. Of the moderns, Robert Frost (with his style chaste and cold like snow, or pale birches, or—at richest—the brief and autumnal purple of wild-grapes just before frost) is more interested in the people north of Boston than the water lilies north of Providence. And, anyway, not even he, and certainly not Robinson, and probably not even

*Perhaps some modern Henry H. Mosher or Lindley Murray may catch a vision of service in this field and provide funds to be used for the distribution of such books through the agency of Yearly Meeting committees, as is done in some of our Yearly Meetings.

Edna Millay, has enough sensuous splendor for these burning blooms. Perhaps the poet beyond all others whom the water lilies need is—Francis Thompson. He, with his divine innocence as of a child with genius, his Eden-fair richness and glamour of style, his love of pure loveliness, his sense of the miracle of God's way with the world, would have found in the water lily one of his purest poems. The poet of the Hound of Heaven, who could write of the pale chatter of the silvern ports of the moon, or of the skyey blossoms of the sunset . . . the poet of the Snow-flake, that "filigree petal" fashioned so "mightily, frailly," so "tinily, surely" out of "argentine vapor" with God's "hammer of wind" and "graver of frost," could have sung, and adequately, the water lily. Perhaps even now in the courts of Paradise, Francis Thompson bends over the Mystic Lily (of which our fair earthly lilies are but the poor mortal shadows), and weaves into the speech of heaven the loveliness that, here on earth, belonged to him beyond all others, but which here he never sang.

Meanwhile, finding no poet as yet, the lilies drift and gleam, quiet, superb, upon the lonely lake. White as the burning clouds tiered in the August sky, gold as the burning sun high in the August noon, they bloom and float (as William Blake said of the rising sun) "Like a multitude of the heavenly host, crying 'Holy, holy holy!'" They are indeed the very scripture of beauty, these water lilies—they gleam and sway upon the lake as a poet's words sway and gleam upon a page: here, in gold and ivory, the great poet who writes the world for his poem, writes in living images and letters, "Behold the testament of beauty, freely written for you!"

My Pilot will Guide

I stand beside the water in the bright October weather,
A golden shower is sifting down from overarching trees,
I fancy that the leaves and I are floating down together,
Drifting with the current to the music of the breeze.

Afar the stream has borne me since first came life's endeavor,
Since parents' home and inmates were all the world to me;
Since to the scenes of childhood I said goodby forever,
For youth would bear its burdens and plan for years to be.

Afar the years have brought me, past rocks and hidden shallows,

And given the will to love and serve, success and failure, too;

Companionship and memories that lapse of time but hallows—
I thank thee O, my Pilot, that thou hast led me through.

I would not seek to question why death in life is hidden;
Why leaves must have their time to fall and crumble into dust;

Why age and weakness, stealing on, should come to all unbidden;

I know my Pilot planned it all, 'tis mine to love and trust.

The stream sweeps on beyond me, unmarked my human vision,
Into that unknown country and all that is to be;

O Pilot, guide my little boat safe to that home Elysian—
I am of thy creation and I belong to thee.

Westboro, Ohio.

C. E. THOMPSON.

Our Comradeship with England

BY WILLIAM C. ALLEN

AT A recent meeting of the Royal Licensing Commission, Dr. Alfred Salter, M. P., stated that while there was not the same amount of gross and bestial intoxication in his district, in South London, that obtained twenty years ago, the amount paid for alcoholic drinks therein exceeds the amount spent on bread, milk, rent and taxes, all put together. Nearly five times as much beer as milk is drunk in his poverty-stricken district and this represents £11.4.0 (\$55.00) per head per annum. He said: "The worse the social environment the greater is the proportional expenditure on alcohol."

The estimated expenditure for drink in the United Kingdom for the year 1928 was £288,000,000 (\$1,440,000,000). There was a small increase last year. Undoubtedly the amount of intoxicants consumed by the "working classes" is less than 20 years ago. The money cost, however, is much larger.

Frank H. Chambers, a minister of Southend-on-Sea, said of the behavior of day-trippers in that resort: "The women who arrive about noon are not all sober, but many go immediately to public houses and remain there drinking until 2:30 p. m. The conduct of these women often becomes disgusting." This is only

one little bit of evidence. The writer has frequently seen horrid sights when wandering about London. Such sights were familiar to some degree in some parts of America years ago. An ell now granted to the liquor interests of our country will lead to their seizing a yard in the future and familiarize our boys and girls with scenes now generally unknown to them under the Eighteenth Amendment.

Profits of the English brewers in times of bitter unemployment and financial stress continue to greatly increase. G. Bailey Wilson, political and literary secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, has said: "Out of the holocaust of the war the breweries rose phoenix-like to untold heights of wealth." You have only to look at the annual statements of the big brewery concerns, as reported in the financial columns of the London newspapers, to see that this statement is correct. The increase in beer duty of three shillings per barrel, it is claimed, is more than made up by the brewers in the decline in prices of the chief raw materials used in the business. It has been testified that the licensees dare not tell of the bondage in which the brewers hold them, some licensees saying: "We are nearly slaves, we have to do what we are told." With newspapers, wealth, social prestige

usually, and sometimes government, on their side the brewers largely have things their own way. Shall America take the chances of reverting to such a situation?

G. Bailey Wilson also declared before the Royal Commission: "The brewing industry is a trade of the well-to-do. . . . In four London brewing companies I have counted among the shareholders 46 peers, 20 peeresses, 161 lords, ladies and honorables (honorables are sons of peers), 47 baronets, 106 knights, 10 dames, 17 Members of Parliament, a large number of obviously well-to-do people, including lawyers and hundreds of officers in the army and navy, and over a hundred doctors."

The above refers only to four breweries, while there are many breweries in London and in the smaller cities and towns in England. It is not surprising that a business so buttressed with financial and social influences can successfully resist reform. The people of the United States should pause and consider that, having once delivered themselves from the legal bondage of whisky and beer barons, it would be the height of undemocratic folly to return to that bondage again.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh has stated that he does not feel that state manage-

ment is the most perfect method of administration. He has also stated: "The liquor trade is practically the only trade whose expansion does not form part of, or contribute to, the welfare of the nation. As opposed to the brewer the retailer is in a position of dependence and almost complete helplessness. The tenant has the work, the worry and the risk, and the brewer has the profits. The tenant who improves his house and his business is likely to have his rent raised until he is squeezed out altogether. The aim of the brewer is emphatically not to create places of general refreshment but beershops."

Again testified Lord Balfour: "Cases have come to my knowledge where the police have been in receipt of regular payments by licensees." Lord Astor also has recently mentioned two cases in which, it was alleged, cash was offered to two Parliamentary candidates—Conservative and Labor—for their support of the trade. It will thus be seen that conditions in the United States years ago before the advent of Prohibition now exist in England. Again, payments to police can be made where there is no Eighteenth Amendment the same as where prohibitory laws exist. Let America take full notice that doing away with prohibitory laws does not correct abuses.

In Great Britain, as in America, the temperance cause suffers from the attitude of the Metropolitan press. Almost all the daily newspapers openly stand for the traffic in intoxicants. They eagerly put up headlines adverse to the temperance situation in America. Any "information" or dispatches from across the Atlantic presumably prejudicial to Prohibition is quickly published, while the correction of misstatements is hardly given publicity. A credulous public is at times fed upon very silly local stories. Some of the more important magazines or weeklies must derive large returns from whisky and beer ads. But when we recognize that some of the great newspapers of the United States covertly seek to mislead our people we cannot condemn the newspapers of England.

There are some notable exceptions to the above. The influential *Manchester Guardian*, generally so fair when referring to the United States, presents both sides of the question. The *Sunday Observer*, Lord Astor's weekly, does the same. A mutual friend informs me that Lord Astor has a very open mind and that his great idea is to break the power of the liquor traffic. Lady Astor, we may remember, is a native of Virginia and America may be proud of her. Her husband has testified that "the trade has tried continuously to get her out of public life."

"The Trade" in Great Britain does not love reformers in the United States any

more than it loves reformers in its own land. *Ridley's Wine and Spirit Circular*, the most influential organ of the wine and spirit trade in Great Britain, five years ago wrote: "The American Nation, mostly of European extraction, have solemnly announced (by Prohibition) to the civilized world that they in America have become such Americanized beasts that they cannot be trusted even with so little as a glass of ale because of the certainty that the mark of the American beast would show forth in them, and under the influence of Alcohol they would run out and commit some crime." On the other hand, the temperance workers of brave old England look to America for sympathy and help. Our battle is their battle—their's is ours.

The reformers of England are doing some very fine work. Sir Josiah Stamp is considered the outstanding business man, the leading economist of Great Britain. In 1929, in an address before the Society for the Study of Inebriety, he presented a cold-blooded but convincing picture displaying the effect of alcohol on the economic life of his nation. I wish that lecture, reprinted from the *British Journal of Inebriety*, could be distributed all over the United States.

In the House of Lords there is a small but active group who follow Lord Astor. In the House of Commons a much larger temperance party makes itself politically felt. There is increasing opposition to the consumption of intoxicants on the part of brain workers, athletes, medical men and employers. Business men are beginning to more fully understand that if they are going to compete successfully with the United States conditions must be different among the "working classes." Dr. Eric Pearce Gould, F. R. C. S., the son of a great surgeon, and himself a leading surgeon, says: "A growing recognition of the very limited sphere of proper usefulness of alcohol has led, and is leading, to its gradual disappearance from routine use as a medicine."

On this trip—my seventeenth visit to England—as compared with years ago I notice a change for the better. Despite many gross evils, national sobriety among all classes has increased. Information received from various sources confirm these impressions. The automobile, the wireless, the radio, the cinema have contributed to the diminution of drunkenness. There are today 3,900 parishes wherein prohibition is enforced. There are fewer licensed houses to each 1,000 people than 20 years ago.

A few days ago I heard Sir Murray Hyslop address the International Congregational Council. He made a telling speech, which was received with enthusiasm by delegates from all over the world. He declared that Englishmen are so very conservative that it will require

more than one generation to achieve the progress so far made by America. But victory will ultimately be secured. He impressed the need of education and propaganda.

Every Christian voter of the United States is responsible not only for the uplift of his own country but for the uplift of other lands. In the midst of a glittering civilization our moral and material conditions rise or fall together. England knows that if we keep faithful to our prohibitory pledges she also will be compelled to follow. Do we accept and will we vote according to our responsibility?

England, 1930.

GOLDEN WEDDING OCCASION

Fully 500 residents of Wichita, friends of Henry C. and Melissa Stanley Fellow, helped them celebrate their golden wedding anniversary at The Elms, the Fellow home, 519 South Glenn Avenue, September 30. In addition to their Wichita friends there were cards and letters of greeting from many parts of the country. Like everything else which they do, this celebration was different. A public invitation was given and preparations for the event have been in progress since the return of this much loved couple from their summer home in the Ozarks. There were punchon seats made from split logs, placed on the spacious lawn, and these with a rail fence, a wellsweep and shocks of corn, formed an unusual but attractive background for the occasion. Then it lasted all day, the friends who were unable to come later, calling and offering their congratulations throughout the day.

In the evening there was a short program, with songs and short talks and the reading of letters and a poem written by Dr. Fellow, commemorative of the event. Punch and wafers were served to all. Besides several gifts, including gold pieces by some of the Sunday-school classes and other friends, there was a profusion of flowers sent by admirers in the city.

Dr. and Mrs. Fellow have lived in Wichita many years. They pioneered in educational work in Kansas and Oklahoma and he was for several years a member of the faculty of Friends University. He is now curator of the museum at the College and has procured for it one of the finest collections of Indian artifacts to be found among the colleges of the Middle West. Mrs. Fellow has always been an active and enthusiastic member of the W. C. T. U. and has for years been in charge of contest work.

The Fellow home is always open to friends, and the host and hostess have educated or helped to educate a large number of young men and women.

O. C. EMERY.

Into the Land of the Soviets

Glimpses of Russia and Her People

THUS far, in our weekly European travel stories, we have not proceeded beyond England, and other articles covering experiences in Britain remain to be written—if readers continue to be interested. If we were to follow a chronological order, there would follow stories based on our week in Paris and vicinity; on our week at Geneva, with which we all fell in love; on a remarkably scenic trip to Oberammergau and our impressions of the Passion Play; on our stay of several days at Berlin. These subjects are all worth while and we hope to cover them profitably.

For two or three reasons we feel impelled to break the continuity of our series and jump over to Russia without further delay. First, because developments come so fast in that enigmatical, mysterious land that if one does not report his findings rather promptly, he may find himself recording ancient history, so to speak. Second, Russia presents the most difficult and complex subject imaginable for adequate description, and he who hazards a report should prepare it while his impressions are fresh and vivid. Third, whatever we may think of it, Russia presents the most unique and momentous political and social experiment in the world today, if not in all history, and we assume that in the minds and interest of readers, it properly takes precedence over other topics to be treated. So we now take up conditions in Russia as we saw them.

AND HOW WE DREAD IT!

All have heard of the man who deliberately started out to get drunk, and who exclaimed, "And, my, how I dread it!" Deliberately, we undertake to write about Russia, but it is with very considerable hesitation, if not actual dread, that we do so. Before we had ever been in the country we could write rather glibly and with some assurance on the situation there. Now we know too much—and still too little—to write assuredly. On the night before leaving Russia, our group held a "bull session" in one of our rooms when we compared notes and exchanged opinions on the basis of our fortnight's investigations. On that occasion Reinhold Niebuhr struck a keynote when he said that before returning home we should all take a vow of modesty on what we know about Russia.

It is largely true, paradoxical as it may seem, that the more one knows about any subject, the less easy he finds it to generalize. This is certainly true concerning Russia—and yet there is perhaps no subject about which more sweep-

ing generalizations are continually being made. Why do such conflicting reports come out of the land of the Soviets? In the first place, there is always the personal equation, the individual bias, to be taken into account. Try as one may, he cannot entirely divest himself of his own viewpoint—and too many do not even try to do so. Even apart from that factor, however, a further explanation remains to be made. Almost any concrete statement of fact can be made about conditions in Russia and it will probably be true, in part at least. And the opposite statement, if made, would also be partly true. For Russia has come to be known as the land of contradictions.

SCRATCHING A RUSSIAN

This is due not only to the fact that the situation is in a state of rapid flux, but also to the immensity of the extent and variety of the country, taking it in its entirety as the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics. Stretching from the Baltic Sea to the Asiatic coast of the Pacific Ocean and from the frigid shores of the Arctic to the torrid steppes of Turkestan, it is the largest continuous domain in the world, constituting one-sixth of the total surface of the earth. It represents 149 languages and 182 nationalities. Its position between Western Europe and Eastern Asia explains its peculiar mixed culture that is so hard for us to appreciate and understand. We recall that an old university professor once admonished us that Russia is much more understandable when considered as the most western of Asiatic countries rather than as the most eastern of European ones. Which is but a more euphemistic version of "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar."

Apart from the difficulty of fair appraisal and true interpretation, there is the practical problem of presentation. Shall we combine or separate observations and judgments? Shall we deal with specific questions such as social conditions, including marriage and divorce, political trends, agricultural developments, industrialization, etc., as we give our general observations, or will it be better to take them up separately in turn? Although realizing that it will be hard to keep separate the objective and the subjective, we have decided to begin, at least, by trying to make our readers see the things we saw and share some of our experiences. Such running observations may help to lay the foundations for later judgments. Perhaps our technique will develop as we proceed.

Peradventure, in this rather extended preliminary explanation, we appear in the role of the bather who stands on the bank ready for the plunge, but who delays it in shivering anticipation of the cold water. In we go without further stalling.

A DAY'S RIDE THROUGH POLAND

We left Berlin on the evening of August 9, having excellent accommodations on the through "sleep wagon" train from Ostend to the Polish-Russian border. We awoke well into Polish territory and rode most of the day through flat, marshy country. The crops seemed to be those of grain and hay with a good deal of buckwheat, flax and potatoes. We began to see thatched-roof houses and the arched wooden collars or yokes over the horses, so characteristic of eastern Europe. As we rode on, hour after hour, on a fast train, we thought of the ill-omened march of Napoleon as he led his army over this vast expanse of open country, far from any base of adequate supplies, in his strangely mad expectation of conquering Russia. This country was also much fought over during the Great War and occasionally we saw piled up by the roadside great mounds of rusted barbed wire, grim reminder of the gruesome conflict.

It was well on in the afternoon when we reached the border. The train stopped first on the Polish side and we listened to some excellent band music where some soldiers of the Polish garrison were dancing in a hall not far from the railroad. Fences and entanglements of barbed wire, five deep, separated the Polish and Russian border garrisons, but too suggestive of the attitude of the two countries toward each other.

CROSSING BORDER WITH WEBSTER

We had quite a thrill when the train crossed the well marked international boundary, passing under the arch constituting the gateway to the land of "the bear who walks like a man." Boyish looking Soviet soldiers smiled at us and waved a welcome. In a few minutes we reached the customs point of Niegoreloje, where we changed trains. Considerably to our personal relief, the baggage of our party was not opened. We hasten to add that we were not trying to take in contraband material, but it might have been a little difficult to explain why we were lugging into the country a Webster's *unabridged* international dictionary and sundry other supplies which had been committed to our care for friends in Russia. The courtesy shown our group

was by no means extended toward passengers in general. We noted with what thoroughness the bags of other travelers were searched, the entire contents being emptied out and carefully examined. One thing we did have to do—make a declaration of exactly how much money we were taking in, a record of which was taken, to be checked against what we had on coming out. Russian currency was so depreciated in value outside the country that a very thriving business could be done in buying rubles in Germany, for example, for ten or fifteen cents and smuggling them into Russia where they are current at fifty cents. The wise tourist takes a receipt when he cashes his traveler's check in Russia, in order to be able to show the authorities when he leaves the source of his funds.

In changing trains, we found ourselves going from one extreme to the other, equipment and service being comparatively poor on Russian railroads. On crossing from car to car to the diner, one literally took his life in his hands. There were practically no guards in the vestibule and a sudden lurch of the train might easily throw one beneath the wheels. In the diner we found what appeared to be stable boys serving as waiters. Their heads were closely shaven, their "dress coats" consisted of the loose Russian blouse of nondescript color, and they wore boots as we recall. As the staff of life, heavy rye and black sour cream was our portion. Happily, at our table there were some cookies in wrappers, which with tea, satisfied us as supplement to the inevitable omelet. However, if others had seen the state of the towel hanging from the girdle of one of the stable boys, the cook, appetites would have been affected. On the debatable theory that what people don't know will not hurt them, we kept the towel dark!

ON A RUSSIAN RAILROAD

Few of us will soon forget the wild night we endured on that train. We were crowded in, four to a section, on perilously narrow bunks, each with one thin blanket of a single thickness for covering, and with our baggage (including the dictionary) piled above, below and around us. We had to leave the windows open for good air and the writer was in the upper that caught the full force of the wind which all but blew him out of his bunk. Finally, in desperation, we emulated the heroism of the Dutch boy who stopped the leak in the dyke, our feat being to grasp the window blind and hold it to the jamb of the window, thus tempering the wind to the sleeping pilgrims. On rising in the morning, worn and disheveled and dirty, our pilgrims found there was no water in the car with which to wash, so we went to breakfast, and another omelet, in keeping with our surroundings, including the cook's towel.

Reaching Moscow the middle of the forenoon, we were met by our charming "hostess," Mrs. Rose Laddon Hanna, an American woman whose husband, Paul Hanna, a journalist not now living, was an Eastern Friend. She was accompanied by the guides and interpreters provided for us through Intourist, the official organization handling tourist travel in Russia. About the first thing we saw was a screaming streamer emblazoning the Five Year Program—in four, and exhorting people to buy "liberty bonds" and help it along. It was an altogether fitting introduction. This is the fanatical obsession—the law and the prophets—of the Soviet government and it was to hail us at every turn. Two things were everywhere observable, publicity for the Five Year Program and Lenin's picture.

LOOKING ON ANOTHER WORLD

To look out over the plaza in front of the station was to look upon another world from that one we had known. First in the picture was the interminable procession of high yoked horses drawing ancient and dilapidated droskies driven by ancient and dilapidated drivers. Let the unsuspecting tourist beware of their guileless appearance, however. One of our group hailed a drosky for a ride of a half dozen blocks or so and was held up for \$2.50. Ancient droskies, like ancient wine, come high. Horses are nearly always driven singly in this part of Russia—I think we didn't see a team while in the Moscow district. Sometimes a wagon tongue will be used and it certainly looked unbalanced to see a single horse hooked to the tongue.

Next after the droskies we noted the crowds of peasants and proletarians, many of the former barefooted, going and coming. One of the first vivid impressions we had of Moscow was that of a swarming beehive. Day or night, the streets seemed always alive with milling multitudes. One was never far from the madding crowd.

We were taken to the Metropole, one of the two big Moscow hotels maintained by the State for the accommodation of tourist parties. Our accommodations were ample and entirely beyond those which the Russians themselves know. Had it not been for Russian fleas and certain other inhabitants that manifested the true Bolshevik attitude toward the hated bourgeoisie, we would have been entirely comfortable.

While the dishes served us in the dining room were somewhat different from those to which we were accustomed, there was plenty of nourishing food that was palatable, if we were willing to wait for it! If one needs discipline in patience let him go to Russia. Eating is considered a leisure and social function that is absolutely unhurried. They may do a five-year program in four, but never an

hour and a half dinner in an hour and a quarter! This seemed a serious waste of time to American tourists, but try as we would we couldn't seem to speed up the serving schedule. The waiters and cooks either couldn't or wouldn't respond to our frantic appeals to show a little speed.

There was this compensation—there was always something very delectable and refreshing to look forward to toward the close of the repast—it was practically impossible to get it brought on early in the meal. Some looked askance at the water pitcher, but all hailed with enthusiasm the Russian tea, served boiling hot in thin glass tumblers direct from the samovar. If one were too impatient to wait until the tumbler cooled sufficiently for him to handle it, he deftly wrapped his napkin around the glass, using it as a handle. The first and most important word we learned was the Russian word for tea. When many other things concerning our sojourn in that country are forgotten, we shall still be able to hear in echo the chorus of "chai, chai, chai," with which we called eagerly for the cup that cheers but not inebriates.

A DECLARATION ON TEA

Right here let us pause to pay a tribute to Russian tea—and to put our cocky, tea-drinking English friends where they belong. Far too long have Americans been browbeaten by English visitors who scoff at our tea, meekly allowing them to get away with their superiority tea complex. Here is where we issue another declaration of independence. This summer we drank tea in numerous countries and we found incomparably the best tea in Russia—and incomparably the worst in England. When we got to Vienna, after leaving Russia, and had tea at the Friends hostel with Headley and Beth Horsnail, we were just ready to add a reservation to this indictment of English tea when we recalled that Beth Snoep Horsnail is Dutch instead of English, so the declaration stands. Furthermore, the exquisite Russian tea resembles far more the American brew than it does the strong, hardboiled concoction served in England. Next time a visiting Englishman tries to high hat us on our tea, let the roof look to its shingles!

It was necessary for us to adapt our program to the Russian meal schedule, whereby we had breakfast at nine, after which we did the heavier part of the day's business, returning to the hotel for dinner at four. There generally followed lectures or visits to places of interest, following which an evening lunch was served about ten o'clock. We adjusted ourselves to the schedule with rather surprising facility. If one is not easily adjustable, Russia, is a poor place for him.

W. C. W.

(To be continued.)

The Glories of Colorado

BY ELIZABETH H. EMERSON

A TRIP to Colorado is such a common experience that one must look about for some justification of an attempt to write about it. However, in this instance it can easily be found in the starting point. To make a first visit to the Denver region from the mid-west is one thing. To do so from New Mexico is quite another story. To start from the little town of Vegas has its own peculiar features. Situated as we are at the outer edge, in ten minutes after we left our own driveway, we were on the diagonal road running in a northerly direction across the treeless unfenced prairie, mountains to the left of us, plains to the right, dotted with occasional irregular shaped mounds, the road in front broken only by the frequent cattle guards, bright sunshine overhead. To understand automobile travel in New Mexico it is necessary to know something of the sparseness of population and the scarcity of towns. There is no safety in starting forth foodless expecting to eat at a good cafe along the way. Better far to go armed with food and drink, the really Western method of providing the latter being a canvas waterbag attached to the spare tire or in some such region, where evaporation takes care of the cooling process.

Our first town of note was Wagon Mound, which has achieved fame because of the cyclone which struck it early in June. The mound for which it is named is in sight for several miles as one approaches, but thinking of the ordinary modern wagon we were completely puzzled to find the resemblance. At last light broke and there stood on its high base a gigantic sway-backed prairie schooner. The village below, none too prosperous before the storm, is slowly building up its adobe walls and replacing its tin roofs and going on with life, trusting there will not be a repetition of this hard luck, and probably rightly so, for cyclones are most unusual in this state. At the town of Raton, 117 miles had been covered, and this is the first place where one would dare raise an appetite. Trinidad, Colorado, not far over the line, is a place of similar size, while the first city we had seen since our westward move was Pueblo, where we spent the night.

The goal of our journey, easily reached the next morning, was not Denver or Boulder or Manitou, but the village of Palmer Lake, twenty-three miles North of Colorado Springs. The little lake from which the place is named has two outlets. At one end its waters flow into a tributary of the Platte River, at the other into a branch of the Arkansas, from which the waters make their way

to unite again in the Mississippi. Let all who will, draw morals from this true story. Our interest was not so much in the lake as in some of the residents of the place. Here lives our friend of many years, Evalena Macy, Friends University graduate, missionary in Cuba, from which work she returned a few years ago broken in health. Remembering her then weakened condition it was with something of a shock that we found her outside the cottage door bending over a wash tub, a real testimonial to the healing powers of Colorado climate. She shares the home of Omer and Esther Coppock, also F. U. graduates, a cottage nestled at the foot of hills overshadowed by three sister mountains, Sun-dance, Chautauqua and Herman. A cabin nearby the Coppock home was our base of operations for a week. A tumbling stream from the mountains furnishes a private water system and music never-stopping. The activities of these three Friends we found most interesting. Aside from their connection with the Palmer Lake meeting, of which more later, their home is the center of the Pike's Peak Woodland School, whose attractive catalog is at hand.

STRICTLY A FAMILY SCHOOL

This school, the catalog states, makes special appeal to the child needing outdoor life, to the one needing individual guidance, and to the child who is the product of the broken home. It is strictly a family school, where within the family circle with its warm Christian atmosphere are drawn all who come. It passed the rather trying experimental stage last year and begins its second year this month. As a sort of supplement, three boys have spent the summer in the Coppock home, not as students but enjoying the health-building climate and instructive life in the wooded hills. The family circle is completed by a girl of fourteen who makes this her permanent home. Back in F. U. days, Evalena Macy was a Biology major. We can still see her wild ecstasy over her first glimpse of a painted bunting in a Kansas meadow. That enthusiasm over nature's living creatures has not waned and it is her happy privilege to direct these children in acquaintance with the wealth of plant and animal life in the region. Out of a rich experience in teaching and study, Omer and Esther Coppock are able to contribute progressive educational ideas to this venture. We prophesy the making of real students under the care of these three and their helpers.

One other feature of this home we must not omit, and that is the place which music holds. What a happy evening we

spent before a glowing fireplace with a company of youthful music lovers gathered about the piano. Several of them are Miss Macy's piano pupils. The home seems a center of the best in music and as such radiates a wide influence in the community.

Perhaps it was the presence of Quakers in Colorado that led us northward during our vacation period, rather than to some of the several points of interest we hoped to see in New Mexico. At any rate it was a privilege to worship in the attractive little meetinghouse at Palmer Lake, so artistically constructed of logs and stone. The situation in the place is a peculiar one, this being the only church building and attracting to its Sunday school practically all the children of the place. Indeed, the church seems more a community one than Quaker. During the summer, speakers of various visiting denominations occupy the pulpit. On this particular Sunday a Methodist preacher from Denver gave a good sermon. The pastor, Orville Bender, is leaving after a service of six years. He and his wife are much beloved in the community and their going is deeply regretted. Evalena Macy is now assuming responsibility for the pastorate for a rather indefinite period, with a general feeling of satisfaction back of the arrangement.

The other opportunity we had to mingle with Friends was in connection with a Penn Quarter missionary picnic and meeting in Denver City park. Although not belonging to Penn Quarter, the Bender, Coppock and Emerson cars, well loaded, joined in the good fellowship of Denver, Boulder and Deer Trail Friends. Greetings from one-time friends began with Ava Cope Maris' surprised but instantaneous, "Why, Elizabeth," after we are afraid to say how many years since Earlham days. The Maris family, who had learned, reside in Denver, so we had the advantage of her in ready use of first names. The presence of Mrs. Cope, formerly of Plainfield, and of Isaac Stanley, pastor of the Denver meeting, contributed an Indiana flavor to the gathering, while there were enough former Kansas residents to remind us of our one-time sojourn in Wichita. Unfortunately, a shower hurried too much the consumption of Deer Trail fried chicken and other good things, and less courageous souls would have given up altogether the Women's Missionary Society meeting which was to follow. Not so the Friends, and after various moves, the finale in the form of a missionary knowledge contest conducted by Ava Cope Maris was successfully staged in the sunshine on the quickly dried grass. I was glad to give to these outlying zealous Friends, greetings from the American Friends Board of Missions, of which I am a resigning member.

Not the least of this day's pleasures was the time spent in the Museum of Natural History, of which Denver may be justly proud. It would be an education to spend a week here getting acquainted with the wild life of the West, so truthfully represented against natural backgrounds. Another joy was the meeting at the Union Station with Ruth Pickering Schmoë with her three little ones, returning to Seattle from a visit in Wichita. Floyd Schmoë's path as lecturer on Mt. Rainier National Park, where he was long park naturalist, has sometimes crossed ours, but his wife we remembered as a Freshman in Friends University. On another day it was our happy privilege to call upon her sister, Iva Pickering, who is gradually making the grade in a Colorado Springs hospital after a physical breakdown on the Cuba mission field. Although her stay has been a long and trying one Iva's courage and optimism are good to see.

Who would think to find a Simon-pure English Quaker in the little village of Palmer Lake? Yet here she lives in the person of Winifred Slavick, once a reconstruction unit member, now with her pioneer husband weaving a rather belated romance out of joyous care of garden and home, on a high hill with a far view. Even the cave-cellar with its arched roof—the achievement of the pioneer, and its shining rows of fruits and jellies, the work of her hands—this was in itself a poetical romance. Friends, of course, we have in common—English and Eastern—and English tea on her high porch overlooking her loved "river of trees" was an hour not to be forgotten. Her heart seemed big enough to suddenly open wide and take in the Emerson family, but I am sure it has the wide-open habit. From her pen come some worthy expressions in both poetry and prose. She, too, has a place as a teacher in the Woodland School.

CIRCUMSCRIBING PIKE'S PEAK

All this time and not a word of Pike's Peak! But with such scenic rhapsodies as Friend Editor is sharing with us, some restraint in the presence of mere Colorado scenery seems fitting. However, it requires an effort, and whether we talk or not, there stands Pike's with a majesty all its own and a new aspect for every day and every angle from which one views it. We did not go to its summit by any of the methods offered, but chose rather to circumscribe it by an all-day trip to Cripple Creek and over the Corley Mountain Highway. This drive took us through the Garden of the Gods, by Balanced Rock and Steamboat Rock, through Manitou, over Ute Pass, into an extensive farming region, on to a height of about 10,500 feet—the highest in our experience—and with a sudden decline,

into the oldest gold field of Colorado. Cripple Creek is dead, but knows it not. A hint to the retired gold digger who sells ore as souvenirs started him on a fierce denial of its demise. Indeed, there does seem to be some working shafts, but the glory that was Cripple Creek's has moved on and the scene of greatest activity is now Victor, which for lack of time we did not see. Such small acquaintance with gold has been ours that perhaps we were a bit lacking in appreciation of all the wealth upon which we unwillingly may have trod. It seemed to us that the best part of Cripple Creek was the backward look. Climbing out of the valley, and looking back over the town one has a view of tier on tier of distant mountains in varying shades of blue with their gleaming patches of snow, a sight hardly surpassed in our journey.

They tell us that Theodore Roosevelt described the Corley Highway as the drive which bankrupts the English language. Perhaps he was right. At any rate, we used a large amount of it in our futile attempts to express adequate appreciation. As an engineering feat the road is nothing short of marvelous. Eight tunnels, and cuts through the solid rock too numerous to count are included in this forty-five mile stretch of perfect road, of such a width that the driver can get some benefit of the scenery and of such gradual slopes that the whole trip may be made on "high." Mountainsides with their perfect blending of the darker green of pines and firs with the lighter shades of aspens, groups of towering rocks more wonderful in our modest opinion than those in the Garden of the Gods, and always glimpses into the far-distant blue of mountains or the misty grayness of plains—all this is too much for any words. There was only one fly in the ointment. We had made the circuitous trip, and started over the Highway at about four in the afternoon. Since noon we had scarcely seen the sun, and light sprinkles had interfered somewhat with the best of views. Now came a real dash of rain and it looked as though we would miss entirely the beauty of sunlight on all these scenes. But even as we regretted, the clouds began to lift and a golden rim appeared. We held our breath, and the miracle happened. The sun broke through, and the effect was dazzling. There should be a rainbow, we said, and in a foolish attempt to mention to Evalena Macy, who accompanied us on this trip, one thing in which our newly adopted state excelled Colorado, began to describe the perfect arcs we often see in New Mexico skies. Suddenly with a turn in the road so that we faced a green-clad hill, there was a rainbow which so far surpassed anything we had ever called one that we were hushed in shame. Rainbows had heretofore

always occupied their proper place in the sky, but truly a third of this one rested on that green hill, emphasizing if possible the brightness of its distinct colors. We stopped and gazed long on this wonder, for here was no beauty of a fleeting moment. We drove for some miles seeing it, losing it, seeing it again until it slowly vanished.

The descent toward Colorado Springs is long and winding, again and again bringing into view the open lands to the eastward, which in the haze of evening took on the appearance of infinite stretches of quiet water. So strong was the illusion that the emerging of the outlines of the city below was almost a surprise and a regret. Only one thing could complete such a day, and it did not fail us. At Colorado Springs night was near at hand. Through the day as we circled Pike's Peak we had seen her in a hundred moods. At this our last view, her color was blue of an unbelievable depth, with tracings of a newly fallen snow on her summit. And behind, the sinking sun suffused the sky with splashings of blood red. Yes, Roosevelt was right.

HEARING THE GREAT CONTRALTO

Sometimes events do seem to combine in our favor. As if arranged for our pleasure, Madame Shumann-Heink was singing in Colorado Springs on the last night of our week's stay at Palmer Lake. Since the days of measles and the reading aloud of her life story, to hear Shumann-Heink has been with our music-loving-and-learning daughters, a great hope. Here was an opportunity not to be denied. Certainly the best days of this beloved singer are over, for she has passed the sixty-ninth milestone, but with what depth of voice and feeling she still sings Cradle Songs and Dannie Boy and Erlkoenig. So much of beauty of vision had been ours, and in this hour we revelled in the beauty of sound. It seemed a fitting close for our happy vacation week.

But no, not quite the close. Next morning we were up at an early hour, saying goodbye to our good friends, and off on the return journey. All during the week there had been a growing fear that after the green loveliness of Colorado, New Mexico would look barren and unattractive. I even feared to go over Raton Pass, lest what on the journey out had seemed breath-taking views should suffer by comparison. True enough, its trees looked mere scrubs as contrasted with the mighty pines to which our vision had become accustomed. The difference in rainfall makes a corresponding difference in growth of vegetation. But foolish fears! Having come to this region by train, from which little is visible, I had never passed by auto through the Raton gateway into the Southwest. And

I had never imagined that with one pair of eyes such a landscape could be viewed as meets the vision traveling down the long decline. Away in every direction sweeps the comparatively level expanse, dotted always with mesas and upheavals of every conceivable shape, the whole overspread with a haze of delicate blue and overhung with New Mexico's own wand of three-dimension clouds. One seems to be looking into a new world, a world so big that to really discover its resources would be impossible. What wonder that it was greatly to be desired, looked upon with covetous eyes and added to United States territory by force of arms?

And so we were again on the prairie, mountains to the right, plains to the left, cattle guards in front, bright sunshine overhead. And there is one glory of one state and another of another, and the one who can see it, every place holds that which is good.

Las Vegas, New Mexico.

SALT WITH A SAVOR

Mahatma Gandhi has at least the attention of thoughtful people throughout the world. The salt, with which he and his followers have had to do, is the kind that has not lost its savor.

Salt, although an inexpensive and common-placed element meets the universal need. There is a great difference between a salt marsh, where wild animals from the adjacent plains come to lick the deposit, and a carton of white salt, that may be found upon the shelf in the pantry of the modern home. Yet salt is salt, in the building of animal tissue, regardless of the source from whence it comes.

The privilege of determining one's own personal destiny, is the savor of the salt for the highest human development. It is, indeed, God's greatest blessing to man. A kindly recognition of this, as it pertains to others, is Christ-like. So often the growth of the individual, or clan, or nation takes place in the face of factors, which are quite antagonistic to that growth. Progress has always been attended by certain refining and purifying processes. Out of some hidden marsh of despair, up through some seeming ocean of waste, have been lifted the elements which have been highly prized by the minds and souls of men.

We of the western hemisphere are quite familiar with such symbols as tea and corn and cotton, and will be quick to sense the value of salt as a symbol of an essential factor in human freedom. "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted?"

I. N. STANLEY.

Denver, Colorado.

FOR THE HALF YEAR
Consolidated Report of United Benevolences
April 1 to September 30

Yearly Meetings	1929-1930	1930-1931
Baltimore	\$ 2,105.39	\$ 2,371.37
California	610.00	147.00
Canada		
Indiana	9,848.12	11,473.98
Iowa	4,829.82	4,588.80
Kansas	973.66	606.58
Nebraska	463.98	409.57
New England	4,825.04	5,046.90
New York	3,342.73	1,084.20
North Carolina	4,432.08	4,115.44
Western	3,863.43	5,066.03
Wilmington	1,430.72	1,338.78
Oregon	891.16	728.66
Other Sources	2,879.98	2,922.47
Special Appeal—Aged M. & M.		45.00
	\$40,496.11	
Deficit Funds	977.16	
Total Receipts	\$41,473.27	\$39,944.78
Boards and Agencies		
American Friends Board of Missions.....	\$ 34,772.23	
Board of Young Friends Activities.....	909.19	
Board on Prohibition and Public Morals.....	105.50	
Board of Education.....	76.32	
Board on Religious Education.....	616.12	
Fund for Aged Ministers and Missionaries.....	1,406.65	
Emergency Fund:		
General Contingency	573.21	
Deficit—Mission Board	1,097.00	
Promotion	388.56	
Total Disbursements	\$ 39,944.78	
United Budget for Year 1930-1931.....	\$111,290.00	
Receipts to Date.....	39,944.78	
Balance to Be Raised.....	\$ 71,345.22	
Six Months Proportion of Budget.....	\$ 55,645.00	
Six Months Receipts	39,944.78	
Six Months Shortage	\$ 15,700.22	

CONFERENCE POSTPONED

The inability of several of the larger denominations to cooperate in the work of the State (interdenominational) Pastor's Conference which was scheduled to meet at Indianapolis, November 10, 11, and 12, and the fact that the dates chosen have been found seriously to conflict with the time of holding a number of denominational conferences and conventions, together with the fact of the general financial depression at the present time,

have made it seem wise to the Executive Committee which met in Indianapolis, Oct. 4th, to postpone indefinitely the holding of the conference.

The committee will meet again in the near future at which time the whole matter of the State work will be fully gone over, and the pastors of the two Yearly meetings concerned will be duly informed relative to any plans for the future that may be of interest to them.

CHAS. E. HIATT.

OUTLOOK AND OUTREACH

A Contributed Page by the American Friends Service Committee

CLARENCE E. PICKETT, Executive Secretary—20 S. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"AUF WIEDERSEHEN," GILBERT MACMASTER

The following account of the send-off given to Gilbert and Marga MacMaster by their Berlin Friends was written by Elsie Behrend, long a friend of both. Elsie Behrend had taught in Sheffield, England, for nineteen years before the war, but returned to Germany at the Outbreak of hostilities. She had come into close touch with Friends while in England, and so allied herself with them from the beginning of the relief work in 1920. For years she was office secretary, and she was the first German to join the Society after the war. After the child-feeding work ended, she resumed teaching, and is now in charge of English teaching at the adult continuation school in Berlin. Her many American Friends will be glad to see her article.

On the last day of July the Berlin Group and its more immediate friends gathered in their meeting-room at Prinz Louis Ferdinand Strasse, for a last evening with Gilbert and Marga MacMaster. There were between fifty and sixty assembled, and, had it not been a general holiday time, there would have been many more. For all here who have come into close touch with our friends Gilbert and Marga MacMaster are deeply sorry to lose them from among us, and the wish had been expressed very generally that we should ask them to be our guests of honor on some evening, so that we might give them a hearty send-off, and show them the appreciation and affection which their living among us has won for them.

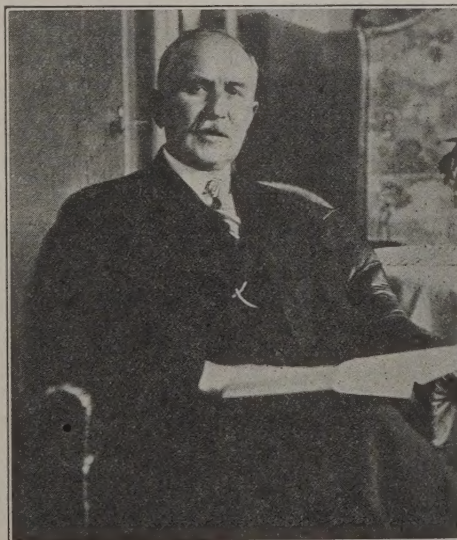
So the gathering—unpretentious and simple as it was—was a real family affair. The long room was filled with a crowd of friends, old and young, so that the table stretching from one end of the room to its very other end would not allow all to put their teacups on its boards, and some of us had to take turns in sitting down "properly."

The table was neither a "High Table" nor a "Round Table," and the speeches made were no well prepared "after-dinner speeches." But the words that Kurt Kaeske (Clerk of the Berlin Meeting) addressed to our parting friends created that indefinable atmosphere of "belonging together" which can only exist between people who have held together through

sunshine and rain. And Kurt Kaeske did not merely speak his own heart: he spoke the Group-Heart. He reminded us that Gilbert MacMaster had been amongst us the longest of all non-German Friends, and that he had ever taken a most active part in the interests and affairs of our Group. The fact that he and his wife had joined the German Yearly Meeting had been appreciated by all as a sign of trust and friendship. From that time Gilbert MacMaster had come into closer relations with the German Quaker Movement. He became a member of the Executive Committee, and thus could actively share in the development and shaping of the young Society. In more than one difficult and complicated situation, he has helped us to form a decision. Gilbert MacMaster, said the speaker, is one of the Fathers of German Quakerism.

THE MEETING PHOTOGRAPHER

But over and above that, our parting Friend had become the "Hausvater" of our Berlin Group, and for a long time was its Treasurer. Always he has had it at heart to give our meeting-room that aspect which in itself warms the hearts of those in it. He took photographs at our various Yearly Meetings of the houses in which the Meetings had taken place, and in several cases, of the very rooms in which we had been lifted out of the worry and rush of everyday life in



Gilbert A. MacMaster, for ten years a representative of the Service Committee.

common silence and work. From the walls of our room they looked down upon us and I feel sure that at one time or other, those pictures have meant something to many of us, giving in some degree that help which we had found in the original places where they were taken. Other pictures which Gilbert MacMaster, with a true passion for "atmosphere" obtained for our meeting-room, are scenes from Quaker life, as various Meetings for Worship in bygone days, and the well-known "Quaker Wedding in 1920."

From among the assembled friends the wish was expressed that, as Gilbert had given us so many beautiful pictures to remind us of olden times, he ought now to leave with us one of himself to remind us of the more immediate past which is so much more personal to us all. And as the "Office" is already in possession of the photo of one American Friend, we claimed the right to that of a second one. The one in the Office is President Hoover; the one in the Home of our Group we want to be Gilbert.

(The writer then tells of the remarkable collection of old German books and prints on Quakerism brought together by Gilbert MacMaster at the Center. We will print this part of the article later.)

Great as is his concern to link together past and present in the history of the Society of Friends by those works of literature and art his interest in a harmonious union in the work and life of the young German Quaker movement is not less real. The burden of the words which he addressed to us that evening was the blessing of the ancient Swiss Patriarch to his people: "Seid einig!" (Be united.)

An occasion like this farewell meeting could not be imagined in Germany without songs. And songs there were, cheerful and wistful, quick and slow, youth movement songs and old folk songs. They all spoke of the sadness of parting, and of the hope of meeting again.

And to our friends Gilbert and Marga MacMaster we call our: "Lebt wohl! (Farewell) Auf wiedersehen!"

Let us never forget that the cultivation of the earth is the most important labor of man. Man may be civilized in some degree without great progress in manufactures and with little commerce with his distant neighbors. But without the cultivation of the earth, he is, in all countries, a savage. Until he gives up the chase, and fixes himself in some place, and seeks a living from the earth, he is a roaming barbarian. When tillage begins other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of civilization.—DANIEL WEBSTER.

QUAKERDOM • AT • LARGE

Russell E. Rees, a former pastor of the Friends Church at Sabina, Ohio, is now located at Canton Center, Connecticut, where he is pastor of the Congregational Church and is also attending Hartford Theological Seminary.

* * * *

Friends at Union Street Meeting, Kokomo, Indiana, are delighted to announce that Rufus M. Jones has consented to give the dedicatory sermon for the dedication of their new church, Sunday morning, November 2. Other plans for the day are in the offing and will be announced later.

* * * *

Eva O. H. Ross of Wilmington, Ohio, has gone to Brownsville, Texas, for a visit with her daughter and her husband, Rebecca and Douglas Parker, formerly missionaries in Mexico for the American Friends Board of Missions. She hopes to attend Sunday school and meeting for worship at Matamoras, Mexico, on October 19, and possibly at other times during her stay in southern Texas.

* * * *

J. Elliott Janney who for four years has been field secretary for New York Friends has resigned that he might pursue his studies at Columbia University for his doctorate. His wife, Catherine Janney, will teach English at the Seminary, and both are on the committee to start a meeting for Riverside Friends in Dr. Fosdick's church sometime this month, notice of which is sent to all Friends living in the vicinity.

* * * *

Ruby Davis, Professor of English at Earlham College, has published her first article on the Venerable Bede about whose life she has spent several years in research, during which she visited some of the greatest libraries in Europe. The article is being presented in the *Westonian*, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the Westtown School. She has been working on a book that will give to modern readers the best that is available of the life and work of this remarkable man, whose Ecclesiastical History of England was read as law by the youths of King Alfred's time and in its way helped to unify old England by promoting patriotism among its readers.

* * * *

The Amboy, Indiana, *Independent* showed on the front page a picture of the new pastor, Murray S. Kenworthy, who began regular work on October 4 at the Friends church succeeding Donald B. Spitler who resigned last May to become pastor at Detroit. He and his wife had

moved from Russiaville, Indiana, and were comfortably located in the parsonage. The social committee were planning a public welcome and reception in their honor for an early date. As he is well and favorably known to many by personal acquaintance and reputation as teacher, pastor, public speaker and field worker for the American Friends Service Committee, and having filled the local pulpit at various times during the summer, the paper predicts that he and his wife "will be a real asset, not only to the local church, but to the entire community."

* * * *

Gilbert and Minnie P. Bowles writing from India, August 23, mention meeting Roland D. Priestman, the only Friends missionary in Hoshangabad, and with him visiting the Friends Meetinghouse and the nearby house in which Rachel Metcalf lived, where the Indian Secretary of the Yearly Meeting now has his office with card file of all members of the Yearly Meeting. With him also they went to the nearby Friends Hostel of which he is warden where are thirty boys who study in the Hoshangabad middle schools, and called upon an experienced Indian Friend, the Principal of a middle school for boys who is now beginning a public Girls' School and using the Boys' School Building at alternate hours. He says that if they can carry the new Girls' School themselves for a year with a given attendance, the Government will grant a subsidy. The following day they attended the Sunday schools for boys and girls and the meeting for worship in George Fox Hall.

* * * *

Edwin P. Trueblood has begun his fifty-first year on the Earlham College campus, and at the homecoming occasion last week it was fitting that the College observed this half-century mark in his career which has been devoted so wholeheartedly to the school life at Earlham. To him Earlham owes the beginnings of her athletics and the organization of her public speaking department, and with love and reverence does homage to him fifty years after his first appearance on the campus. He completed his work for graduation in 1885, and after teaching public school for a time became a member of the Earlham faculty in 1888. The following year he was married and he with his wife, Peninah Henley Trueblood, lived in Earlham Hall for four years. Except for three or four brief periods since that time he has given a continuous service to his alma mater. Two of the members of his first debating

team are Warren Barrett, Vice-President of the Lehigh Valley railroad, and Allen D. Hole, Earlham Professor of Geology.

NEWS OF OUR MEETINGS

There have been a number of interesting events recently at Perry City, N. Y. In August, Margaret R. Parker, gave a clear and quite comprehensive account of the work of Friends in Kaimosi, East Africa. This was followed by the summer christmas-tree with gifts for the missionaries. This year the presents were given to Margaret Parker for Africa. Wm. J. Reagan from Oakwood School spent a week-end here. As usual his message was full of inspiration. Some new members were welcomed into the church and three young people were transferred from the associate to the active members' list. A few Sunday evening meetings have been given to the study of the Discipline. These were led by the young people and have been most interesting. The faith and practices of Friends live anew for this group. On October 2, Errol T. Elliott, one of our Five Years Meeting secretaries helpfully met with us. Out of the group silence his message came with a deep and instructive urge. On Sunday evening, October 5, a five act playlet depicting life in East Africa in the Friends Hospital and Girls Boarding School was given by the young people. Margaret R. Parker wrote the brief playlet and was the leading figure in its execution. The young people of the meeting gave most cordial and whole-hearted support and effort. Lunch had been served in the dining room and a delightful social time enjoyed.

* * * *

At the sessions of Farmington Quarterly Meeting, last April, after procedure according to discipline, Grace Wood Shepard was recorded as a minister of the gospel, which action was approved by the meeting on Ministry and Oversight of New York Yearly Meeting in May. The record is made by Batavia Monthly Meeting of which Freeman L. Shepard is clerk.

* * * *

The Friends meeting at Batavia, N. Y., on October 5, held a combined Old Home Day and Dedication Service for the new dining room and kitchen recently completed on the south end of the meeting-house. There were 150 present many of whom had been faithful members when the late Mary J. Weaver had been pastor. The history of the meeting since its founding fifty-five years ago was given

y Clara L. T. Williams, and the treasurer, Minnie Johnson, reported the cost of the new addition, giving the names of those who had helped with money and with labor to make the addition possible. A considerable balance of the pledges was still unpaid. Abram S. Underhill of Ossining, N. Y., a venerable trustee of New York Yearly Meeting gave the address of dedication closing with the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the Temple, "that the eyes of the Lord shall rest on this place both day and night." Other visiting Friends were Errol T. Elliott of the Five Years Meeting, Richmond, Indiana; Isaac and Elizabeth Hazard, with daughter Helen and son Wilbur of Union Springs, N. Y. After the service, a bountiful dinner was served in the new dining room and a social time enjoyed. Friends at Batavia feel greatly encouraged to go forward in the work of the kingdom after such a manifestation of interest on the part of the community and friends, but feel the great challenge of the future that they depend not upon material equipment and buildings to do their work but that the builders, too, may grow as they attempt to serve in a larger way the needs of the community.

* * * *

The Friends Church in Dublin, Indiana, held a Rally Day and Home-coming Service, October 5, the morning being devoted to the Sunday school with a program by the different classes and the installation of officers and teachers. The retiring superintendent, Eva Hiatt, led in these exercises in an impressive manner. The new superintendent, Inez Money, with a fine corps of teachers give promise for a successful year of work. At noon a bountiful dinner was served in the basement of the church to about 130 persons. The afternoon was devoted to home-coming features shared by former pastors and members present for the occasion. Following the pastor's words of welcome, a memorial written by Thomas E. Henby was read by Paul Lamberson. Special quartet and duet numbers by the visitors were enjoyed.

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WESTTOWN, PA.

A roll-call of all former pastors and non-resident members was given by Bernice Hunnicutt to which fifteen responded in person and letters were read from four others. The closing prayer was offered by Charles Thornburg. It was a day long to be remembered and many old acquaintances and friendships were renewed.

* * * *

Sunday, October 6, was a memorable day at the Union Street Friends Church, Kokomo, Indiana, the occasion marking the last services held in the old meeting-house which was erected in the autumn of 1871. Zeno H. Doan, a former pastor, but now of Marion, Indiana, preached the farewell sermon. The Bible School attendance was 443, that number exceeding by 32 the attendance records over a period of thirty years or more. The number which had been set for Sunday, which was rally day, was 400. In a fitting and impressive ceremony special recognition was given at the Bible School hour to members who have been identified with the Union Street Friends Church for a period of forty years or more. Flowers were presented to each of these. Among those thus honored were: Edith Maris who became identified with the meeting the same year the building was erected in 1871; Anna Hollowell who came in March 1872; Valentine Arnett in April 1872; Aubrey DeLon in 1888, and Emma Copeland more than forty years ago.

SPECIAL RALLY DAY

The Friends of North Tenth Street Meeting, Richmond, Indiana, enjoyed an unusual Rally Day occasion on October 5 with all-day services and two former pastors giving messages. The pastor, Walter Jacobs, spoke in the morning to a full house. A chorus of more than forty girls gave several numbers at each service during the day, and special numbers were rendered by George Driffmeyer and John Drew. The theme for the afternoon was "Carry the Good News." An historic sketch of the meeting since its beginning in 1809 was read by Edna Fye, while Alpheus Trueblood, a former pastor for six years, spoke of the present, and R. Aaron Napier, of New Castle, Indiana, a more recent pastor for four years, dwelt on the prospects for the future. The evening program was devoted especially for the children. The Sunday school had a record attendance in the morning and two new organized classes were formed in addition to the eight classes which provide for those of every age. The membership is much encouraged with present developments. The historic sketch in part is as follows:

"The Friends that settled in these parts over 100 years ago came from North Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Virginia with a desire to establish new homes for themselves and families. In the early part of the 19th century they organized a meeting and built a log meetinghouse north and east of this house. The meeting grew with the population till in 1809, with a membership of 200, they requested for a monthly meeting which was granted by the West Branch monthly meeting held in Miami, Ohio. This was the first meeting organized in Indiana. As some of the Friends were such a distance from the meeting they asked for what was called an indulged meeting. These were granted but at first were held for worship only. They later became preparative meetings and attended to the business for that particular meeting, in time becoming monthly meetings.

"In 1810, there were seven in number and they requested their own Quarterly

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